5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
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766 768 [775] that he might have plenty to ride on his journey to the Sand Hills, and to use after arriving there. If a man had a favorite horse, he might order it to be killed at his grave, and his order was always carried out. In ancient times, it is said, dogs were killed at the grave.

765 562 Women mourn for deceased relations by cutting their hair short. For the loss of a husband or son (but not a daughter), they not only cut their hair, but often take off one or more joints of their fingers, and always scarify the calves of their legs. Besides this, for a month or so, they daily repair to some place near camp, generally a hill or little rise of ground, and there cry and lament, calling the name of the deceased [533] over and over again. This may be called a chant or song, [152] for there is a certain tune to it. It is in a minor key and very doleful. Any one hearing it for the first time, even though wholly unacquainted with Indian customs, would at once know that it was a mourning song, or at least was the utterance of one in deep distress. There is no fixed period for the length of time one must mourn. Some keep up this daily lament for a few weeks only, and others much longer. I once came across an old wrinkled woman, who was crouched in the sage brush, crying and lamenting for some one, as if her heart would break. On inquiring if any one had lately died, I was told she was mourning for a son she had lost more than twenty years before.

Men mourn by cutting a little of their hair, going without leggings, and for the loss of a son, sometimes scarify their legs. This last, however, is never done for the loss of a wife, daughter, or any relative except a son.

551 [553] Many Blackfeet change their names every season. Whenever a Blackfoot counts a new *coup*, he is entitled to a new name. A Blackfoot will never tell his name if he can avoid it. He believes that if he should speak his name, he would be unfortunate in all his undertakings.

him to bear witness that she has not defiled his body by committing adultery. She then proceeds to cut up the tongues, giving a very small piece to every person, man, woman, or child. Each one first holds it up to the Sun, and then prays to the Sun, Na'-pi, and the Ground Man for long life, concluding by depositing a part of the morsel of tongue on the ground, saying, "I give you this sacred tongue to eat." And now, during the four days, outside the lodge, goes on the counting of the *coups*. Each warrior in turn recounts his success in war, — his battles or his horse-takings. With a number of friends to help him, he goes through a pantomime of all these encounters, showing how he killed this enemy, took a gun from that one, or cut horses loose from the lodge of another. When he has concluded, an old man offers a prayer, and ends by giving him a new name, saying that he hopes he will live well and long under it.

Inside the lodge, rawhide ropes are suspended from the centre post, and here the men fulfil the vows that they have made during the previous year. Some have been sick, or in great danger at war, and they then vowed that if they were permitted to live, or escape, they would swing at the Medicine Lodge. Slits are cut in the skin of their breast, ropes passed through and secured by wooden skewers, and then the men swing and surge until the skin gives way and tears out. This is very painful, and some fairly shriek with agony as they do it, but they never give up, for they believe that if they should fail to fulfil their vow, they would soon die.

On the fourth day every one has been prayed for, every one has made to the Sun his or her present, which is tied to the centre post, the sacred tongues have all been consumed, and the ceremony ends, every one feeling better, assured of long life and plenty.

Most persons have an entirely erroneous idea of the

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Blackfoot camps. "When ten or twelve tents were together, we were sure to see six or seven women mutilated in this manner."[7] However, this severe punishment for infidelity was discontinued by the middle 1870's.[8]

Stormy as their marital lives sometimes were, Blackfoot Indians were fond and indulgent parents. Large families were common. Some men claimed to have fathered more than a score of children by their several wives. The pregnant woman wore a broad, adjustable rawhide belt as her time approached. It supported and protected her when she rode horseback or engaged in active work. Sometimes an expectant mother's labor pains came while she was riding with a moving camp. She dropped out of the line of march and two or three hours later returned to the caravan with her newborn babe in her arms. Usually, however, the birth took place in a tipi. An elderly woman, experienced in midwifery, gave the mother a decoction of roots to drink to ease her pains and facilitate delivery. While the mother grasped one of the lodge poles and an assistant held her around the waist the midwife attended to the delivery, then laced the mother in her rawhide belt. Sometimes the mother resumed her household chores the next day.

A portion of the baby's navel cord was cut, dried, and preserved in a beaded buckskin case as the child's primitive health insurance. The cases for boys' navel cords were in the form of snakes; girls' were lizard-shaped. The Blackfeet believed that snakes and lizards were never sick and lived long lives. The child was bathed and wrapped in soft skin. Moss or a soft punk served in lieu of diapers.

A few days after the birth the father called upon some distinguished member of his band to name the child. The name was carefully chosen because it was believed to have an important influence on the child's life. Sometimes it was the name of a respected ancestor; at other times it commemorated a brave or generous act of the bestower or of the child's father. Lazy

[7] *Travels*, II, 110, 117, 136.
[8] Bradley, "Manuscript," *MHSC*, Vol. IX, 271.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Another avenue of advancement for the poor boy was through service to a wealthy man, in caring for his horses, and helping him in hunting in return for his own food and care. Orphans commonly were taken into this service (Grinnell, 1892, p. 219).

Adoption into a family of wealth and distinction offered another means of advancement for the poor boy. Three Calf cited the case of a little boy found by Boy, a chief of the Small Robes band of Piegan, in an abandoned Gros Ventres camp. Although Boy had children of his own, he adopted the homeless waif. When the lad grew older he cared for Boy's horses. Later he helped in hunting and went on horse-raiding parties. He was successful in taking enemy horses and once took a gun from an enemy. He began to raise a herd of his own. He married a girl of good family, set up a medium-sized lodge, and raised fine pinto horses. He began to acquire the best of clothing and horse gear. Finally, after he had acquired 2 wives and some 30 or more horses, he became a subchief of the Small Robes band. As an old man he took the name of his Piegan benefactor, Boy.

The practice of medicine offered a specialized medium of advancement for young women as well as men. A number of highly respected women practitioners were remembered by informants. Through their own visions and/or the teachings of established doctors young people learned the use of various medicinal plants and techniques of their administration. The person who could cure the sick or foresee the future was able to demand payments for his services in horses and other valuables.

Some men and women were able to better their condition through their skill as craftsmen. No individual was remembered who attained wealth solely on the basis of his or her skill in crafts. However, there were men and women of the middle class whose incomes were materially enhanced through their ability to manufacture bows and arrows or pipes of high quality (in the case of men), or lodges, clothing, riding and transport gear (in the case of women). Many fine craftsmen were older men whose age prevented their active participation in hunting or horse raids.

POLITICAL ORGANIZATION

THE BAND

Wissler (1911, p. 22) properly considered the band "the social and political unit" among the Blackfoot. In 1856, Blackfoot Agent Hatch stated, "Each tribe is divided into bands, which are governed or led by either a chief or a band-leader, the former office is hereditary, the latter depends upon the bravery of the individual and his success in war" (U. S. Comm. of Ind. Affairs, 1856, p. 625). Bradley's ex-

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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If the manly-hearted woman is regarded as a product of established and traditional wealth, "Miss Wells' girls" illustrate the possibility for mobility within the more recent society. Half-breeds, most of them, and without inherited property, these "girls," now in their late forties, were sent to school at an early age and only rarely spent their holidays with their Indian relatives. When other children returned to their parents, this unwanted group went off with their teacher to a summer camp where they worked and experimented in cooperative living. Miss Wells understood her girls. She mothered them and imbued them with enthusiasm for white ways. They, in turn, loved and respected her. Today these "girls" are the most progressive women of their generation—and the most ambitious. Several assisted at the school after "graduation." One earned her living as a dressmaker in a white community. Later she returned to become the first and only independent woman farmer on the reserve. It is to this group that the up-and-coming wheat farmers, mostly half-breeds themselves, have looked for wives. These farmers are now the "newly rich," and two of them have been elected band chiefs.

Many women enjoy independent earnings, but these have never been great enough to radically affect their social status. Now, as in the past, vertical mobility is achieved through advantageous marriage. Marriage, however, plays a lesser rôle in the life of the woman of wealth. A union with the son of a rich family naturally cements her position; but a union with a poor man does not, ipso facto, lower it. On the contrary, her property can be used to enhance his earning power and prestige. If he is industrious, both will gain; if he proves unsatisfactory, she can cast him off and with little difficulty find a more deserving mate. Few women, however, have much property. Most of them, despite the privileges they enjoy, shine in reflected glory in this dominantly masculine society. In childhood, their status depends upon their fathers' status, in adulthood, upon their husbands'. Significantly, and in contrast to feminist practice in the Pueblos, a Blood woman is always known after marriage by her husband's name.

JEALOUSY.—While this male dominance is indisputable, it gives small comfort to the man on the reserve, for jealousy is one of the most disruptive forces in Blood human relations. The woman is still considered a form of property, property that is as necessary to success today as it was in the polygamous past. Then the younger wives were known as "uncertain wives," and lapses in matrimonial duty received summary and harsh treatment. Writing in 1832, Maximilian comments, "They generally punish infidelity in their wives very severely, cutting off their noses in such cases. . . . When ten or twelve tents were together, we were sure to see six or seven women mutilated in this manner. . . . There have been frequent instances of a husband immediately killing his wife, when she had had intercourse with

12: Hanks & Richardson E,P-5 (1938, 1939) 1966
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practice was to give first to the older because "they would not live so long as the younger." 000

This system of rank and seniority had its repercussions on personal security. Even though blood bonds were considered extremely stable, cases occur where there was open conflict between brothers. Moreover, a younger brother was a potential threat to an older brother whom he might surpass. Many Swans' war record excelled that of his older brother, and people taunted the brother mildly on this score. Indeed, there was personal humiliation, for the great family name of Many Swans, borne by the older brother, was taken away by the father and given to the younger brother. The older brother also relinquished the chieftainship of the band in favor of the younger. Thus age was no guarantee against being excelled by a younger man even within one's own family. Loss of one's wives was another threat. In fact, judging by the severe and brutal treatment accorded an unfaithful wife at the hands of her husband, unfaithfulness seems to have been an almost intolerable personal affront. Yet we have instances where the co-respondent was a younger brother. The fact that the levirate did occur in some cases legalized this relationship but only after the death of the older brother. As if to prevent even this possibility, a male addressed his older brother's wife as "mother," and she replied "son." 561 593 578 [558] [553] [622] [558] [684] [587]

Thus if fraternal conflict were possible, the only security in a system of rank is in the group of those with identical rank. Indeed, we have observed that a male cousin, step-brother or twin of the same age was not called "brother" but "comrade." This is the only reciprocal term in Northern Blackfoot kinship terminology with the exception of the remote parents of one's siblings' spouses and the parents of ones' children's spouses (*nitax'-soku'*). The relationship of one comrade to another might be extremely close, implying a sharing of wealth, of sexual gratification and of recreation. Though comrades exchanged gifts, there was no sign of competition between them in out-doing the other in generosity. With comrades one's wife was safe, for with their wives one might have easy, ribald relations, though no sexual intercourse. The children of comrades were called "my children," and adoption of one or more of them at the death of a comrade was not uncommon. The age societies supported this solidarity further, for through the hierarchy of these societies one passed with the same group. Indeed, it was not uncommon for comrades to join together to help a poor comrade by paying for his membership. Then as a member of an age group one could vent his feelings against those of the next older age grade by jeering at their accomplishments, possibly sublimating some of the repressed rancor occasioned by their imperious authority. 561 602 571 [601] [597] [575] [578] [182]

Here we see that the relation of male to male was one of rank based on sen- [152] [154]

12: Hanks & Richardson E,P-5 (1938, 1939) 1966
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with seniority as the greater weight. However, regardless of seniority the wife's brother had the right to call home his sister in case of her being mistreated, and if this occurred soon after the initial marriage contract, return of the wedding gifts might be demanded. This prerogative was, of course, balanced by the more frequently exercised right of a husband to send his wife away in case of her failure to meet his demands. Normally, sex rather than family lines constituted the major cleavage, so that the two men cooperated to keep the woman faithful.

Similarly son and son-in-law were neatly balanced. The son, as we shall see presently, was the most important offspring yet little more important than the son-in-law. The rationale of the mother-in-law tabu, as stated by most women, hinges on the emotion of respect. Weight is given this phrasing in behavior, for the greater the prestige of the son-in-law, the greater the number of female in-laws who observed avoidance norms. The respect was also accompanied by periodic gifts exchanged between the son-in-law and parents-in-law. The supremacy of the son in the eyes of his parents may be seen by the following incident where a woman was dying. On her deathbed she summoned her son-in-law who entered the room with eyes lowered so as not to look in her face. After hearing the last words directed to other relatives, the son-in-law was addressed through his wife; the old woman said: "Be kind to your husband; treat him well after I am gone. I love you very much, but I love him better. I love him like a son."

Lineage was traced through the mother's line as well as through the father's. Incest was reckoned if any relationship between the two prospective spouses could be discovered. There was, however, little memory beyond three generations, when the line diffused into vagueness. With names a slight patrilineality showed itself in the desire to make a great name "live in every generation." Thus we find sons and grandsons of famous people still bearing such names as Crowfoot, Eagle Ribs, Old Sun and Many Swans. It would be unusual for a son-in-law to take a family name of this type, but if he did, it was deemed a great honor to the family, for which he would be given a good horse. More likely he would feel obliged to keep alive the important names of his own family. There were also great female names passed down in the line from mother to daughter, but their importance was overshadowed by the male names.

Inheritance of property was also multilateral. A list of recipients in order of their priority might run like this: older brother, younger brother, son, wife's brother, daughter's husband. Nominally, females might receive property and dispose of it, though in practice the husband of the woman received it and acted as agent. Horses, which made up the body of the legacy since household furnishings were parts of the mortuary tipi, were not ordinarily given to lone women, as they had no means for caring for them. The male

177 communities--Warm Springs, Yakima, Umatilla, Crow, Gros Ventre,
184 Cheyenne, Assiniboine, Mandan, Flathead and Cree, among others.
541 Sleeping and cooking tents are erected behind the tepee circle and
[574] upwards of seven hundred people will be living on the grounds during the encampment. Each family camping on the grounds is paid a cash allowance toward their maintenance and shares in a daily meat or food ration.

The formal program opens with a parade through the main street of Browning and out to the encampment grounds near the Museum of the
[535] Plains Indian, one-half mile west of town. A regular program of Indian
[533] dancing to the accompaniment of singing and drumming by local and visiting singing groups is scheduled each afternoon, and occasionally continues during the evening if the weather permits.

The dancing sessions are interrupted frequently by both planned and unplanned intermission activities--special dance contests, games,
[431] and "give-aways." Some of the last mentioned gift giving ceremonies are sponsored by the Indian Days Committee to honor and give gifts
[553] to invited guests from other tribes. Others are put on by individuals
[556] and families who wish, and are expected, to give gifts in remembrance
[554] of a deceased relative, to give a new and significant Indian name to a child in a public naming ceremony, or to honor some other person by a
[533] display of generosity in his name. At the 1959 celebration two Chiefs had the singers sing their respective power songs and then gave gifts to friends and visitors.

[648] Another almost regularly occurring part of the program is a ceremony in which distinguished visitors are adopted into the Blackfeet

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
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535 in their best clothes, put on war paint, and use all their war bundles, shields,
[292] lances, bonnets, and horn bonnets. A number of old men and women form a circle about the center of the camp and sing and drum for the horsemen who first ride out of sight of the camp and then come into the camp circle at great speed, circle around once, and then come to the center where the
[726] singers are, riding around and getting off to dance from time to time. The men shoot and shout while some admonish the others to be brave in case of
[787] war. If anyone fall from his horse, ill luck is sure to follow. There are special songs for this dance.
[533] When the men get ready to go on the warpath they dress and paint as
726 for the horse dance and ride around the camp in the same way.
535 This dance seems to have some connection with the rituals described in Vol. 7, 107–111, in so far as owners of those rituals take the leading parts in the parades. For similar ceremonies among the Teton-Dakota see p. 96.

Scalp Dance.

535 A dance known as the scalp dance, said to come from Scabby-round-robe,
727 is danced after a victory in battle.[1] The dance is held only when men on the enemy's side have been killed. Sometimes when only one man, and one of no importance has been killed on the Blackfoot side, the dancers go to his
[451] relatives and ask permission to have the dance. They present the mourners with clothing, robes, etc.

Either one or four days may be given over to a dance for the same victory. It is held in the center of the camp circle. Anyone who wishes may join.
[292] The women dance with men's weasel-tail shirts, bonnets, braid their hair as
[231] the men do, and tie weasel tails in it. They also tie their husbands' medicine
[302] bundles, like the smoking-otter, the black-covered pipe, and the lance to their hair and use guns as canes. Some women dance with a stick to which is tied the scalplock of an enemy. If a hand be cut off they hold it in their
[822] teeth while dancing. Some dress as grotesquely as possible, while others paint their faces black, the sign of victory.

The men and women stand opposite each other about twenty feet apart. The men have six or eight drums, and sing, while the women dance toward them until the song is ended when they dance backward. These movements are repeated with each song.

[553] Those who have killed an enemy are led around on a horse by some old men, who sing the songs of cheer or praise, calling the rider by name and

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[1] Vol. 2, 81.

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
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saying, "Ha-a-e Ha-a-e." Finally, the horse and rider are led in among the dancers and his new name is announced. 535 727

Sometimes the dance is given in the evening but then the dancers do not dress in their best clothes. Most of the songs mock the enemy, as in the one about the Assiniboine chief White-dog: "White-dog, at last had to cry," or "Why is it that White-dog cried," meaning, he was so brave, but the Blackfoot made him cry when he knew he was to die. [553] [533]

The Kissing Dance.

In winter evenings the kissing dance is held. There is no feast but the dancers are served with tea. Three or four drums are used in the dance. The men and women dance in place on opposite sides of the tipi, facing each other. Some of the women choose partners among the men; they dance up to each other, throwing kisses. When they are close together a blanket is thrown over their heads. Under the cover the two kiss each other. They dance between the two rows of men and women. The blanket is given to the woman as a fee for choosing the man. Sometimes other gifts are added. There are no certain members for this dance, anyone may join. It is very seldom that a vow is made to give this dance as it has more of a social than a ceremonial nature. It is said to have come from the Assiniboine, but is sometimes called the Cree dance. 535 [272] [173] [177]

The Tea Dance.

Similar to the kissing dance and also coming from the Assiniboine is the tea dance, a tea-drinking contest. Anyone who so wishes may join. There is no leader. The dancers divide into two bodies, both men and women may be on the same side. Each side gives the members of the other a lot of tea to drink, the idea being to see who can drink more without falling sick. If a person does not wish to drink any more tea he may pay the person who made it, a blanket, or sometimes even a horse, and thus be excused from drinking. Sometimes if one has made another ill from drinking the tea, a fee is paid. 535 272 [177] [681]

Some men have the power to drain a pail of tea without spilling or drinking it, but by simply covering it with a cloth and singing. When the cloth is removed the pail is empty. Sometimes, one will say to another, "I have the power to empty this pot of tea in your stomach without your knowledge." Occasionally, lovers drop a ring in the cup when passing tea to each other. There is no feast and the dance is generally held in the evening sometimes [789] [132]

Who My Grandmothers Are

MY OWN GRANDMA, AnadaAki, was born in a tipi during the eighteen eighties. She has come a long way to her present place in life, which includes being the family elder as well as being a devoted fan of the TV serial "As the World Turns." If you heard her British-accented voice calling out for someone to turn on the TV you would not imagine that she was raised in the household of one of the last great medicine men among the Bloods.

AnadaAki means Pretty Woman in our language. It is the name that she has carried longest. When she entered school she became known as Hilda Heavy Head, and when she married my grandfather she became Hilda Beebe. After my grandfather died, she remarried and became known as Hilda Strangling Wolf. To top off this name-changing, her real father's name was Joseph Trollinger, a German name which she never carried.

Grandma AnadaAki has spent a lot of her recent years in the home of my parents, although I think she would rather still have her own household. Because my father's mother died when when he was still a small boy, AnadaAki is the only one of my real grandmothers that I ever met. But among

793 Joe Crow Shoe, have also been the keepers of a medicine pipe bundle.

551 The holy woman that I grew up knowing best is Mrs. Rides-
553 at-the-Door, whose Indian name is Stealing-Different-Things Woman. Her name is a good example of unusual Blackfoot customs, since I am quite sure this woman has never stolen anything in her whole life. No one among the Bloods doubts her pure record of living. She got the name from a relative when she was just a baby. The relative was an old warrior who was proud of having stolen many different things on war raids, and wanted to bless the little girl with his life of good luck.

793 [123] A few years ago Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door camped with us in our tipi during a medicine lodge ceremony among our Blackfoot relatives in Montana. She went to assist the blind Mrs. Many-Guns, who had been asked to initiate a young woman who was sponsoring the ceremony. She said that it was very hard for old women such as herself to go through the four days of ceremonial work and fasting that precede the building of the medicine lodge, yet she hardly complained while she was doing it. Most of the holy work performed during those four days is private, but toward the end of it the holy woman's tipi is opened up so that the people can look in and see, while the sacred Natoas bonnet is fastened upon her head. Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door gave me a special blessing at that time by calling me in before her so that she could go through a brief ceremony during which I was initiated to wear a sacred necklace like those that holy women and their husbands wear. On it are beads, a shell, and a lock of hair, all with symbolic meanings. I thought how long back my ancestors have been passing on these meanings and blessings through the same ceremonial initiation, while the old holy woman painted my face, sang a song, and tied the necklace around me.

[301] [716]

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tribe. Among her companions were some of the same men who had been on her first war raid, including her cousin/brother, with whom she was spending a lot of her time. This time, instead of wearing her buckskin dress, she had on a new suit of warrior's clothing, including leggings, shirt, and breechcloth. She also carried a fine rawhide war shield, that had been given to her by the man who married the widow woman who had moved into the orphan household some time before.

The second raid turned out quite successfully, although one member of the party was killed. They captured a herd of over six hundred horses, and killed a number of the enemy during a fight which followed their discovery during the raiding. The young woman was shot at, and would have been killed, but the two arrows both struck her shield, instead of her body.

The next time that the tribe gathered for the annual medicine lodge ceremony, the young woman was asked to get up with the other warriors and tell the people about her war exploits. Other women had done so, but they had usually gone in the company of their husbands and had not accomplished such fearless deeds as she. When she finished her stories the people applauded with drum beats and war whoops, as was the custom. Then the head chief of the tribe, a man named Lone Walker, is said to have honored her in a way never known to have been done for a woman. After a short talk and a prayer, he gave her a new name—Running Eagle—an ancient name carried by several famous warriors in the tribe before her. In addition, the Braves Society of young warriors invited her to become a member, which honor she is said to have accepted as well.

From that point on, Running Eagle, the young woman warrior, became the leader of the war parties she went with, no longer a follower. I cannot say how many such war raids she went on, nor how many horses she captured, nor enemies she killed. There are many different legends about them.

The one he kept grew up to become the Little Bear that my family name started from. The one she had after she left the Bloods became Pocatello, a well-known Shoshone chief after whom the city of Pocatello, Idaho, is named.

Little Bear had a number of children, including my father's father, and a noted dancer and "Indian gentleman" named Spider. It was Spider who got his name from a famous incident that involved another captured woman. Here is that story.

A Blood named Yellow-Painted Lodge went on a buffalo hunt with a group of others. While they were gone, their camp was raided by a Cree war party, which captured most of the women. When the men returned they were quite upset about their loss, but knew that the Crees outnumbered them greatly so did not try to follow. Yellow-Painted Lodge heard that his wife had been captured alive, so he made plans to go and get her back.

Yellow-Painted Lodge took with him a number of horses and other goods to give to the Cree in exchange for his wife. Before long he was in the Cree camp and he learned which lodge his wife was in. Yellow-Painted Lodge kissed his wife when he saw her. She told him that she feared for their lives, because her captor had a medicine that was very powerful.

The Crees had gone hunting. When they returned, her captor asked: "Who is our visitor?" The woman said: "It is your brother." The Cree had seen the horses outside, so he knew the purpose of Yellow-Painted Lodge's visit. He was not willing to give the woman up so easily, however. He said: "I will show you the power of my medicine. If you are stronger, then I will take the horses from you and you may have your wife back."

The Cree took from a small pouch the red-painted wooden figure of a man. The Cree began to sing and drum and soon the figure got up and started toward Yellow-Painted Lodge. His

wife called to him: "Don't let that thing touch you or you will be dead!" Yellow-Painted Lodge untied a small buckskin bag from his back braid. He took out of the bag a piece of rawhide cut into the shape of a spider. He picked up a patch of grass and placed the spider on it, while he sang his own power song. He covered up the spider with his hand for a moment and blew down between his fingers. When he lifted his hand, the spider had become real and was walking around on the bunch of grass.

Yellow-Painted Lodge sat the spider down on the ground, right in the path of the Cree's little man. The spider jumped forward and grabbed the little figure. In a moment he had the figure all bound up with his thread, dragging it along behind him as he climbed up one of the lodge poles.

The Cree knew that he was defeated. He begged Yellow-Painted Lodge to spare his life. He told him to take back his wife and keep his horses. He offered to give him any other goods that he wished to have. Yellow-Painted Lodge sang another song and the spider dropped his burden and hurried back to the bunch of grass. He covered up the spider and blew on it, and again it looked like a spider-shaped piece of rawhide. He put it back in its buckskin cover and tied it on to his braid. The little figure of the man lay crumpled up where the spider had dropped it.

Yellow-Painted Lodge then told the Cree: "I didn't come here for anything else but my wife. If you will just give me a meal, we will be on our way home. I want you to have the horses I brought and you will be my brother. You can come to our camp and be my guest anytime." The Cree was happy to hear that, and he knew that no further trouble would come once Yellow-Painted Lodge had accepted food in his tipi.

At this time Little Bear had a very sickly baby. While Yellow-Painted Lodge was visiting, he was given the baby to hold, and Little Bear asked the old man to pray for the

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strength of the child. Yellow-Painted Lodge asked: "Do you want this baby to become a man?" Little Bear told him he did. Then he told Little Bear to make incense. He said: "I will sing my power song. If my power comes alive then I will give its name to this baby and it will grow up to be a strong man. He brought out his rawhide spider and placed it on a bunch of grass and began to sing. After he breathed on his hand, the spider began to move around, then ran across the floor to Little Bear and his wife. They saw it. Then it went back to Yellow-Painted Lodge, who put it away. He said: "Since my power has come alive for your child, I will give him the name Spider."

Spider lived to be an old man who died just a few years before I was born. He was a farmer whose favorite pastime was going to Indian dances. The old people say that when he danced he drifted so gently that he looked like a piece of eagle down. He always wore very elaborate beaded costumes, painted his face with bright and striking designs, and combed his hair in special styles for which he was noted. He never cut his hair during his lifetime, which earned him his other name, Long Hair.

THE INITIATIONS OF PAULA WEASEL HEAD, A BLOOD ELDER

by Paula Weasel Head

I'm going to tell you a little bit about the holy initiations that I have gone through in my lifetime of over seventy years, to show you what a woman can take part in with our tribal culture. Because my father loved me very much he took me along with him to all kinds of ceremonies that he went to. His name was Iron, and he was famous for going through more holy initiations than anyone else here, among the

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Around the Household– Some Teachings from the Grandmothers

GRANDMOTHER IN HER HOUSE
by Ruth Little Bear

When I was just a little girl I spent a lot of time next to my grandmother. She was a very kindly lady, even though her name was Kills Inside. It was given to her by an old warrior who had killed an enemy in his own lodge. Her husband was old Heavy Head, whose name is still being carried by the many members of the Heavy Head family, who are all my close relations.

It was around 1920 when I lived with my grandma and grandpa Heavy Head. Life was very simple on the Blood Reserve during the Roaring Twenties. There were hardly any cars, no electricity, and no modern entertainments. The older tribe members still carried on with our traditional ways. We all had to work hard to make our lives just barely comfortable.

One of my grandmother's basic jobs was to prepare the food for her household. Let's say that she had a whole carcass of a freshly killed cow. She would prepare it the same way as she

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

cradleboard. Around this time[A] the child was also given a name.

Usually the father took care of the child-naming ceremony. If he was an outstanding man, or a holy man, he might name his own children. But most men brought their babies to noted elders. These were persons who had lived long and well, and whose prayers were known to be strong. The father always gave the elder some kind of present, or payment—maybe a horse, some blankets, or some money—sometimes all three, if he really wanted his child to have a good name at the start.

The chosen elder begins the naming ceremony by praying. He will take some sacred earth paint and he will paint the baby's face while he is praying. That becomes the child's first blessing after it is born. That blessing goes to the parents, too, during the ceremony. As part of the prayer the elder announces the name that has been chosen for the child. The name is called aloud so that all may hear, and it is followed by wishes of good luck and long life. This custom is still very common among the Bloods. Most adults have a special name, in the Blackfoot language, which was given to them in this way. My mother has this to add, regarding naming:

"Mothers usually give their children nicknames, by which they are known in their young days. This is often a description of the child's notable features, like Round-Faced Girl, Long-Haired Girl, or Plump Girl. Usually when the child gets a little older these names are dropped. However, one of my sons was nicknamed Black Eyes, and he is still going by that name today.

"I hardly know of our elders to give names that actually describe the child in some way. Other tribes do that, but we usually give names inherited from our ancestors. Most of our famous names from long ago are still being carried by tribe members today. For instance, one of my sons was recently

[A] [i.e., thirty days after birth--Analyst]

551 given the name Low Horn, in honor of his great-grandfather, who was a leader in the tribe. The Low Horn that he was named after lived so long ago that he is mentioned in our legends.

"My daughter carries the name of her great-grandmother, SikskiAki, which means Black-Faced Woman. This is an honor that was bestowed on her by one of that great-grandmother's sons, who was an old man when my daughter was born. He is gone now, but the memory of his mother lives on through her name.

"While men most often carry an inherited name, women [552] were usually named for famous war deeds. Old warriors and chiefs were asked to give these names to little girls in order to bless them with the good luck and success of the war trails. Common names are Stabbed-in-the-Water Woman, Shot-Close Woman, and Medicine-Capture Woman. One thing we all have in common is that our names end with *Woman*. That's strange, since not so many men's names end with *Man*."

846 Our late grandfather, Willie Scraping White, was put
782 through a powerful ceremony when he was first born, in
852 1877. His mother had hard luck with children. All up to him had been born dead or died shortly after birth. His parents were desperate to have him live, so they went to an old lady named Holy Otter Woman, who was a holy woman noted for spiritual powers. The old lady prayed for him, then chopped off part of his little finger and gave it to Sun as an offering. This was considered a most powerful form of sacrifice in the ways of my grandmothers. Many of them did likewise in times of need.

The old lady also took our grandfather, wrapped him up in blankets, and tied him up in a tree as if he were dead. His mother stood underneath and mourned for him. The old lady said that she would never have to do that again. She was right, since our grandfather lived to be ninety-seven.

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Introduction to the Sun Dance Encampment

Setting Up Camp

It was the middle of summer, the time when Sun is closest to us and to our Mother Earth. It was a good time to gather with friends and relatives. The long, hot days were perfect for relaxing by a tipi and visiting with others. On printed calendars the year was 1972. 101

Within that summer camp one of our People's ancient Medicine Pipe Bundles could be seen hanging over the doorway of a yellow-painted tipi that had figures of otters drawn all around it. This was the tipi of my own family—and within it, our household. 122 778 [531] [532]

To most of my friends I am Hungry Wolf, though our Old People call me Natosina, or Sun Chief. The first name was given to me long ago as a reflection of some of my personal characteristics. The second name was given me by my "uncle" when I became a Medicine Pipe Man. Natosina had been the name he had inherited from his father. All who carried this name were Medicine Pipe Men and lived to old age. 123 551 553 ● [14]

My wife is SikskiAki, or "Black-Faced Woman." The name was inherited from an old relative and has nothing to do with her appearance. 551

[p. 3-A]

their way to Waterton and Banff National Parks or to the famous Calgary Stampede in Canada. Yet there are areas far enough away from the speeding traffic for the Belly Buttes to remain the isolated center of the Holy Spirit among the Blood People.

The Power of the Buttes is felt by all who go near them, even when there is no encampment in progress. One winter a desperate family searched an old Sun Dance campsite for firewood, which is scarce out on the prairie. This family discovered they were using the fallen log of the sacred Center Pole for fuel when they were awakened during a cold night by an unseen Power singing the holy Center Pole songs in a loud voice. Another time, an enterprising rancher from our reserve began to fence in the Buttes so that his cattle could graze there. But he was discouraged from building his fence when strange sensations overtook him; older relatives reminded him that Holy Spirits must not be disturbed without some sacrifice.

□

In 1972 the Sun Dance Encampment was located near the edge of the flat that overlooks the tree- and brush-lined Belly River bottoms. As the flat rises up from the river, the Belly Buttes rise up from the flat, farther to the east. It is in those Buttes that many men have gone to find their visions and Spirit helpers. Bears lived there not long ago. Today, eagles sometimes build their nests there, and mountain lions cross tracks with porcupines and coyotes. In some of the many caves and crevices are now the final resting places of those Old People who passed away after laws were made forbidding the traditional practice of placing bodies near to the Spirit World on top of scaffolds or in branches of trees.

It was still morning when we arrived at the campground with our outfit. Our spiritual grandparents, Mokakin and Ponah, pointed out a vacant spot next to their tipi where they thought we should camp. Mokakin, who was attending his

seventy-second Sun Dance Encampment, reminded us that he had taken on a new name to celebrate reaching the status of Old Man. From now on he would be known by his late uncle's name, PitachPikis, or Eagle Ribs. For most of his life he had been Mokakin, or Pemmican, although his many friends in towns and on other reservations usually called him by his recorded name, Pat Weaselhead. 553 [554]

We hung our sacred Bundle from its wooden tripod at the rear of the space selected for our tipi, in keeping with the traditions taught to us. SikskiAki's dad was along to help us set up properly. It was not long before we had the four main poles for our tipi tied correctly and raised into place. Other poles were leaned against the crotch formed by the tops of these four. With a strong pole we lifted up the tipi's canvas cover and fastened it down. Then we adjusted the poles, tied up our inner lining, spread out our floor mats and bedding, and moved in the rest of our supplies of food, water, and clothing. In other parts of the camp circle, tipis and tents were being set up at the same time. 778 342

Ours was the second Yellow-Otter Tipi set up in the camp. Mokakin's and Ponah's, next door, was of the same painted design. Their design had been transferred to them many years before by a man from the North Blackfoot division of our People. Their canvas cover was so old that the otters painted on the south side (male otters, by tradition) had lost all their black paint and were now only white outlines against the faded yellow background. Sun shines on the land of the Bloods from the south, as He travels from east to west; the north side of the old tipi was not nearly so faded. Mokakin remarked, "Those otters on the south side look like a bunch of white-haired old men! That's the last Sun Dance for this tipi. Next year we use a new one, one with a different design. Ponah is gonna make it up this winter and I am going to paint it myself." 342 532

I asked which design it would have and he

Black coffee or tea is often drunk instead of plain water, though most everyone knows that water is healthier. 512 272

Two more criers made their way around the camp circle. One announced the name of the person whose tipi would be the meeting place for the future Horns. The other crier called out the names of two members, inviting one to visit the other. Even though PitachPikis was recognized as the camp's main crier, anyone could announce something the others should know. Generally, certain recognized Old Men were asked to make the announcements. For this favor they were given a present of tobacco, food, or money. 512 203 [887] [431]

It was about midday when SikskiAki lit our fire again to put a kettle of soup over it. Earlier, we had invited our friend Albert Wolf Child to come over for lunch and a visit. Albert is the grandson of the man whose common name, Wolf Child, is now a last name for his descendants. When our People first settled on the reserve, government officials arbitrarily assigned family names based on the common name of the head of the family. Unfortunately, the man who interpreted all these names was not fully familiar with the complicated Blackfoot language. He was a Negro named Dave Mills, who was married to a Blood woman. His descendants are now active members of the tribe. Dave Mills was well liked by the Old People, even though he did not adopt their traditions. They gave him the name Young Scabby Bull. 512 [574] 551 553 [563]

WOLF OLD MAN VISITS

While SikskiAki went next door to invite PitachPikis to join us, Albert Wolf Child arrived. He hesitated until I pointed to the seat at my left. Just as he sat down, the door curtain opened wide. It was our grandfather, Wolf Old Man, thrusting his two canes through the opening and carefully lifting his legs over the canvas that formed the base of the doorway. His brother, his 574

ried a young warrior named Scraping White, who already had one wife and three children. When Scraping White's oldest daughter saw her new little brother she told her mother, "I like my new brother—I want his name to be Napi." So he was called Napi, "Old Man." Many years later he took the name of his original father, Wolf Old Man. On the tribe records his name is Willie Scraping White, and it was by this name that he was called during the three years that he attended the Calgary Industrial School in the 1890s.

"No, I didn't get much schooling at that place," he once told us, "because the instructors thought that a fellow my size would be more use to them out in the fields than in the classroom. I'm glad," he said with a smile, "because I liked the outdoors much better than the insides of buildings." The Old Man speaks only very broken English and he never did learn to read or write. But he did become the school's star football player. He used to tuck his long braids up under his helmet. "When I came back to the reserve the kids wanted me to teach them how to play, and the girls sure admired me when I passed the ball a long ways," he said with a combined look of pride and embarrassment. He was usually too modest to tell of his personal accomplishments. Unfortunately, several accidents while playing football and ice hockey weakened his knees. "Better to have weak knees than a weak mind," he sometimes said to console himself. After three years in the school's fields he finally decided to ask how much longer he would have to stay. "I never knew that I was allowed to ask the principal such a question," he said, "so I felt pretty foolish when he told me that I was free to go whenever I wanted. I packed up pretty fast and left." He was also one of the first students at St. Paul's Anglican School, on the Blood Reserve, though he did not stay long.

The Old Man learned much about our Old Ways from his stepfather, Scraping White, who was Owner of many sacred Medicines and knew

pay for my membership. Maybe I wouldn't have had enough horses left to keep on farming. That's what happened to some others who joined." 561 575

Our uncle was born in about 1900 to Sikski-Aki and Natosina. His mother became old. Later, her name was given to the infant girl who was to become my wife. Before SikskiAki, his father had a first wife called Marmot Woman; and before Natosina, his mother had been married to Low Horn, who was killed on his way to the Sun Dance Encampment of 1898. [425] 551 553

Our uncle's dad, Natosina, was best known by the name Eagle Plume; and our uncle himself is officially registered as Willie Eagle Plume. At one time he was known as Big Snake, the name of his father's brother. And now, as we fed him breakfast, he told us he had taken a new name, this one from his father's half-brother, Aukitsikinnih, "Bad Moccasin." But he is best known as Atsitsina. It was a childhood name that remained with him throughout his life.

At first many of our People receive a baby name referring to a personal characteristic. Later, as they grow into childhood, they are given a childhood name, usually in honor of an ancestor or other successful person. Then, upon a first war-raid or distant journey, a person may take an adult name for himself, or be given one by others. Finally, in old age, many give up their names to some favored young relative and take on their final name. A person might also change his name for other reasons, such as being inspired by dreams. [554] [787]

I used to think that our uncle's name was Glove Man, the literal translation of the word *Atsitsina*. But just recently I learned that his name is actually understood to mean "Prairie Owl Man." He explained how this happened:

"Oki, the reason my name is Atsitsina—I'll tell you the story. My father's sister, her name was Three Owl Woman, and her husband, his name was Sits-With-His-Chest-Out, they had two children. Their youngest child was a little older than

me. He was very attached to me from the time I was born. I probably had an infant's name, but I don't know what it was. 551 553

"One time, that little boy came running into our lodge because he heard my crying. He looked at me and he said, 'That little child is very cute. He looks just like an atsisi.' Those are the birds that make their homes in the ground on the prairie. Some kinds stay in the woods, but this kind stays on the prairie; and we call it a prairie owl. 551 553 825

"Those Atsisi are really cute. They are really small. If a person sees them, they look like an owl. They have big eyes, but they are small, about the size of a pigeon, at the largest. Long ago, an Old Man said not to kill them. He said, 'If you call them they will listen to you and you will be able to pick them up and you can look at them.' And that's true—I know—when you see one you just call to it, *At-see-tsee, at-see-tsee,* and you go toward it, slowly. It will just look at you. *At-see-tsee, at-see-tsee;* you don't hurry it, you just go slowly. You go easy. *At-see-tsee.* You wear a glove to pick them up. That's why they're called *atsitsi* ["glove"].

"Oki, so that boy said, 'He looks like an atsitsi,' and they added *ninna* [man] to make it *Atsitsi-na.* My brother [the boy who gave him the name; cousins are called brothers among the Blackfeet], he was Little Buttocks. Later he became On-the-Edge-Piegan. He's been dead for a long time. I became well known as Atsitsina, and they are still calling me by that name." 551 553 [601]

SMOKING PIPES

Atsitsina usually sang our Bundle's songs whenever he visited us, but this time he was afraid his familiar voice could be easily heard around the early-morning camp. He asked that we postpone the songs and help him with a task. 533 778 576 123

"I came to ask, could you put a hole through this pipestem? I must make some pipes. Some of 276 575

Bundle's blue-bead wristlets. The wristlets for the Long-Time Pipe stayed in Weaselhead's family for many years. The original drums from the Bundle are now owned by Many Grey Horses. They are often used at the opening ceremonies of our remaining sacred Pipes. 778 793 [432] [361] [534]

Bobtail Chief transferred the Long-Time Pipe to Stephen Fox, who vowed to take it during an illness. Stephen Fox was a successful rancher who owned many horses. Bobtail Chief did not think that enough of those horses were being sacrificed for something so Powerful as our Long-Time Pipe. During the transfer ceremony, after he had looked outside at the payments, he came back in and told the drummers to sing a special song in which he said, "I do not see that fine gray team among your payments."- Stephen Fox quickly sent someone after the matched team, which he had hoped not to lose. [782] [432] [435] [796] [533]

Stephen Fox was known by the name White-Plastering-His-Home until he became Owner of the Long-Time Pipe. During the transfer, he took on the name Big Eagle. This was in keeping with our tradition, which allows a person to take a new name for noteworthy accomplishment: a first coup, a long-distance journey, or a major role within our tribe. [551] [553] [555]

Stephen Fox left behind a large family when he died a few years ago. Some of them are well known in reserve politics, business, social affairs, and news media. He got the Fox name when, as a young boy, he was sent to school with his sister. The teachers did not care to learn the students' traditional names, so they decided to give them all "proper" names. Because his sister's name was Medicine Fox Woman, they were both given the last name of Fox. [551]

Calling First wanted to have the Long-Time Pipe, even though Stephen Fox did not wish to give it up so soon. So he decided to make sure of a transfer by stealing the Pipe from Stephen Fox. Fifty-two horses were among the payments made during that transfer. Calling First had the distinc- [432] [582] [584]

six-strip canvas tent (many of our People still lived year-around in tents and tipis back then), a plow, and enough food to get him started. 793 778 [657]

By the time Wings vowed to take our sacred Pipe, his farm was operating well, and he had already paid off the agent's loan. But after he made his payments for the Bundle, he didn't have enough horses left to haul a wagon. Besides, the wagon itself had been included as part of the payment. For him, the sacrifice had been considerable. [426] [342] [432] [511]

The next Owner of our Bundle was Bob Black Plume, also known as Apikayi, or "Skunk." He was given the name by his grandmother, who used the Power of that animal in her doctoring. He was a regular leader of our sacred ceremonies until recently, when he decided to give all his devotion to the Full Gospel Church. [551] [553] [755] [797]

Bobtail Chief was the leader of the ceremony during which our Pipe was transferred from Laurie Plume, or Otter, to our Old Man. The Old Man kept it for ten years, then gave it as a present to his son-in-law, Bob First Charger. The Old Man was then mourning the death of his wife. [431] [765]

SikskiAki was first in the presence of the Pipe when our Old Man had it. She was just a little girl when Grandma AnadaAki and her husband, Ben Strangling Wolf, took her along to the Old Man's spring Thunder ceremony. Although SikskiAki was then quite young, her memories add to the spirit the Bundle now has for us. [852]

THE DIFFERENT-PEOPLE PIPE

One of our remaining Medicine Pipe Bundles has been with our People since the year 1833. Some ethnologists have called this Bundle the Gros Ventre Pipe and even the Long-Time Pipe. Among our People it is known as *NamaTappi-Achkuineman*, or the "Different-People Pipe." It was brought here from the Mandan tribe. 778 [177]

Our head chief at the end of the Buffalo

wife stirred with her finger. When the water turned yellow, Bear Hat drank it. Next, his wife cooked some raw-dried meat—half dry and half raw—over a fire. She sprayed yellow paint on the meat as it cooked. It was mostly still raw when she served it to Bear Hat. The meat still had some blood in it to refill Bear Hat of the blood he lost. 727 755 [826]

The wound healed in four days. Bear Hat's curlew skins had cured him.

Then there came a time when a boy was accidentally shot while on a hunt. He was shot in the ribs and the bullet came out his back up near the shoulder. When the hunters returned to camp with the wounded boy, they called for Bear Hat. And just as Bear Hat had taught his wife—with the curlews, yellow paint, seven men and seven childless women, the yellow robe and drums and whistle, and the yellow-paint brew and half-dried meat—so Bear Hat cured the boy. 755 [164]

That is how Bear Hat got the name Curlew. [553]

person on the reserve to let the cattle graze there. 159
This practice began when Eagle Bear accepted [657]
the first four-dollar payment. That was in the year [427]
number 1904 when I was born. Small Priest [the
People's name for Father Dusette] baptized me, 951
but he didn't give me a name. I don't know why 551
I wasn't called after my father, Dog Child. When 553
I was not many days old, I was called First Rid- 159
and I grew up with that name.

When I was a little bit old-personlike [when 868
first active as a child], my father taught me to 492
ride. This was during the number four winter of 159
my life. There was still a lot of horseback riding
then and a lot of travois for transportation. Very
few had slim-wheelers [buggies]. I was tied on a
horse, and the horse was tied to a picket. Some-
times I used to go to sleep on the horse. My [237]
mother made a pad saddle out of blue jeans and
stuffed with big-head fur [sheep's wool]. There
were stirrups at that time; I used to see them,
they were made of wood. But my stirrups were
rawhide thongs, which fit my young feet better.

I grew up in the land of the Men with Many 411
Wives [Cardston, Alberta, is a Mormon town]. 159
My father was a hunter and he had many rifles;
a slim-gum-arrow [.30/30 caliber]; a double-bar-
relled hunting gun; also a Number 22, called a
gopher rifle. And he was one of the first to own
a Number 303 rifle [.303 caliber]. He set traps for [224]
coyote, beaver, and muskrat.

My father made me eat all kinds of deer. The 262
People of the long-ago liked to eat the part of 159
the mother animal that the baby animal sucked
on. The only thing they didn't eat is the milk of [272]
the big white [illegible]ads [mountain sheep]. I heard
that this milk is very bitter. 159

When I killed an elk, my father showed me 869
they have seven nest lumps [nipples], not four or [825]
six or eight. He showed me that badgers have
blood clots on their ribs. We sprinkled gun [787]
powder on the badger's blood and from looking
at our reflection in the blood we knew how long
we were going to live. My father saw from his

159
Lighter's Staff, and the Blackfoot Rider's Staff. 852
[George only painted for some of these Bundles.] 778
In one day I took four Medicine hats. My face 425
was painted and wiped and then repainted again, [302]
four times, as I went through four ceremonies in one day. [He means that when he was young, four different Medicine headdresses were transferred to him in one day. Thus, his parents spoiled [855]
their only child in a socially acceptable way.]

My father's name was Dog Child. My mother's name was The Only Handsome Woman; her other name was Catching Another Horse, but she was never called by that name. She was one of three sisters, and her mother said she was the only handsome woman. So that became her name. My father's name used to be Singing Amongst, but he changed that. My name was given to me from the war deeds of my uncle, Striped Wolf. He was the first one to ride a horse taken from the enemy. So I got the name First Rider. I didn't have the same name with my father. [Most of our People today carry the names of former relatives as their inherited family names. But they also have one or more personal, Indian names by which they are referred to in the Blackfoot language.] 551 553 159

159
I was born with long hair. My mother used 856
Indian perfume—boiled cedar needles—to wet my hair. That is why I got long hair. [302]

I must have been about five years old when I [824]
was able to go riding on my own.

159
When I was a little boy I was taken to the [857]
Holy Lodge. I had two grandmothers [older female [852]
relatives, not necessarily biological grandmothers]. [602]
They each one gave me a Sun Dance necklace, my childhood property. I must have been eight [431]
years old when a horned Medicine headdress was given to me.

When I was thirteen years old I started riding 883
racehorses. I was sixteen years old when I started 526
to learn bronc riding. But soon my father made 159
me quit. He said, "There is no future in it. It is [829]
the white man's life. An Indian will compete in a

[p.234-B]

a granary, drilled a hole in the wall, and the grain poured out into my wagon. I spent the money on liquor. 733 685 159

Eventually the day came when I went broke. I went to jail and my wife shacked up with other men. I had eleven children and they went away while I was in jail. The things I stole, which made me act like a rich man, they all vanished. When I got out of jail I had no place to stay. No one cared for me. They knew I was a drunkard and that I had lived a bad life. 159 733 [593] [837]

But now I pray to God. I quit smoking, I quit drinking, and I quit stealing. I became a Christian. I have a new wife. I pray with her and I don't find life so hard. 733 797 159

MY DAD, HIS NAME IS DOG CHILD

Oki, I am First Rider. Now I am going to tell about my father and mother. My father's childhood name was Singing Amongst. When he grew older, he got a different name. A girl who lived with my father's father, she was a relative, she strung duck beaks and duck legs and tied them around my father's neck. Thus, he became known by the name Duck Necklace. 551 553 [301] [237]

My father's father was Holy Descent; my father's mother was Under Making Noise. There were four sons: Striped Wolf, the eldest; then my father, Duck Necklace; after him, Mistaken Chief; and the youngest was Shoot at Close Range. Holy Descent was ninety-seven years old when he died; he didn't winter the three [didn't live the final three years to become a hundred]. 551

That old man, my grandfather, as the time came, he told his relatives exactly when he would die. "When Morning Star comes up, then I will depart from you." He prepared himself for his death. He put on his good shirt, a thick, spleen-colored material. He put on his coat, a Hudson's Bay blanket, and his leggings, made from a Hudson's Bay blanket. He put his fine-cut tobacco and his pipe beside him. Then he began to tell 763

children after they spent a few years at the school, away from their parents. Red Crow might have known that this would happen, but he couldn't prevent it. After his visit to the East, perhaps he thought that the best thing for the Blood children would be to learn the new Ways so they could deal with them.

We are fortunate to have a written record of Red Crow's adventures; it gives us a sense of the kind of man considered Powerful enough to be a leader of his People. Red Crow related these adventures to Robert Wilson during the winter of 1891. Because Wilson kept these stories in his own files, most of our own People have never read them and do not know them.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CHIEF RED CROW (1830–1900)

Related by Red Crow to Robert N. Wilson
December, 1891

I was born at [Fort] Whoop-Up about the year 1830. My father's name was Black Bear and my mother's was Handsome Woman. My father was a great chief. I only knew two of his wives, my Mother and another. I had three half-brothers who were not my Mother's children. They all died young in the days of the smallpox. I also had two Sisters but they too are long since dead and none of their children are alive now. The Blood Chief, Far Seer, was my Uncle [Pinukwiim, or "Seen From Afar," as his name is commonly translated].

My baby name was Captured-the-Gun Inside. This name was given to me in memory of an event in the life of my grandfather. When I first took the war trail my name was changed to Lately Tom, which I greatly disliked and did my best to repudiate. Nevertheless, I bore the name for many years until I became known as Red Crow, the former name of an old relative. [Lately Tom was probably a misinterpretation of a Blackfoot expression suggesting tomcatting. Before he went

[p. 239-B]

on the war trail in 1850, Red Crow was an active bachelor, subject to teasing from his friends and relatives.] When I returned from my visit to eastern Canada in 1885 I acquired my present and fourth name, Sitting White Buffalo. 159 551 553

My first war path was with a large party against the Cree. I did not capture anything, but many of the elder men did and returned home on their new horses. Those of us who captured nothing returned home, on foot, this being the custom. [Young men began to accompany war parties in their early teens. They often followed behind such parties for a day or two before letting their presence be known, lest they be sent back home. Once they joined the main group they were treated like servants, carrying the older men's belongings and pack water, and cooking the meals. They were seldom allowed to accompany the main party into enemy camps. Instead, they were made to wait at some distance, guarding the horses. It was not unusual for these beginners to be abandoned by the successful main party, who thought that the young men were in need of such experiences in order to learn the ways of adventure.] 159 721 982

Next Summer I made another attempt and was a little more fortunate, for although I captured nothing, I was presented with a horse by a relative who did.

As soon as we returned home I went off with a small party under Red Old Man of our band. Upon this, my third war path, which was against the Crows, I captured two animals, a buckskin mare and a pinto gelding.

Next summer after that I joined an immense party of Bloods, Sarcees, and Blackfeet under the Chief of the latter tribe, Sun Old Man [better known as Old Sun]. This party was mounted and our direction was North to the Cree Country. Near the Saskatchewan River we sighted three Cree hunters. Knowing they would run at sight of our large party, we hid ourselves in low ground 159 726 [825]

As day broke, they saw an endless body of warriors all around them. They tried to retreat but it was no use. As they scattered, some were trapped in cottonwood groves, some were slaughtered while trying to swim across the river, and some were killed hiding in coulees, where our men threw large stones down at them. The Piegan and Blood chiefs finally called their men off to avoid further bloodshed, and the remaining Crees were able to make their escape. Exact figures are not known, of course, but it is believed that fatalities on our side were around 40, while the Crees lost 300 or more. 726 [727]

STORIES OF NATOSINA, OR EAGLE PLUME

One of my favorite Old People from the past was our uncle's father, Natosina. During most of his life he was known by the name Pita-Sapohp, or "Eagle Plume." Although he has been gone for close to forty years now, his name is still frequently mentioned at ceremonies and other gatherings of our Old People. He knew about all our Old Ways, and was a skilled Teacher of them. One Old Person described him to me as "Professor Eagle Plume." 793 [551]

Old Natosina was born around 1850. His father was named Not-Scared-of-Gros Ventres. Among his father's wives was his mother, whose name, *Otsani*, can no longer be translated. Because it was misunderstood, she was called Old Charlie, which stuck with her. Among her children were Natosina's brothers Running Wolf, Big Snake, Many Chiefs, Last Star, Crow Tail Feathers, and Dog. She also had a daughter, Three Owl Woman. [551] [553]

Natosina married his main wife, his sits-beside-him wife, as we say, while she was very young. Her name was Prairie Dog Woman, and she is best remembered as a holy woman who put up several Medicine Lodges. Around the year 1900, he took the widow of Low Horn for a second wife. Her name was SikskiAki, and she [595] [587]

[p. 255-B]

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[237]

Atsitsina with his parents, Natosina and SikskiAki. He is wearing a blanket coat and holding a pipe bag. Natosina holds a buffalo tail whisk, which he uses for fanning himself and for sweat bathing.

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brought with her an infant son, Jack Low Horn. 793
With Natosina she soon had another son, who is [595]
our uncle, Atsitsina. For a short time Natosina [587]
had three wives, all related, but the youngest one died without having children.

Old SikskiAki was given her name, "Black-Faced Woman," because of her dark skin. In spite of that, she had blue eyes. Her mother, Blonde Big Nose, also blue-eyed, had been part French and part Mexican. *Her* father (Atsitsina's great-grandfather) had been a French trader also known as Bill, who was noted for having very long red hair. Old SikskiAki's father was a Blood named White Crane. [551] [553] [144]

Natosina was the leader of every kind of Sacred Ceremony—Medicine Pipe, Beaver Bundle, Horns Society, Nighttime, and Medicine Lodge. He was a noted doctor and spiritual advisor. His war records include twenty-two different raids, on which he killed seven enemy men and captured well over one hundred horses. Like many Old People he was baptized into the Catholic Church in a mass ceremony that was explained 793 797

[p. 256-A]

words in it: "Girl I love, don't worry about me. I'll be eating berries coming home." Some of the time, however, the girl he loved had no reason to worry about him, for she went with him on his war adventures. He explained it this way: "My wife said she loved me, and if I was to be killed on a war party she wanted to be killed too. I took her with me on five raids. Some of them I led, and my wife was not required to perform the cooking or other chores. She carried a six-shooter. On one occasion she stole a horse with a saddle, ammunition bag, and war club."

In 1929 Weasel Tail was camped by Water-

Eagle Child. He was apprehended at the end of his last horse raid by an Indian policeman named High Tree. He aimed his gun and the policeman fled. He then claimed the name High Tree and gave it to his grandson. (Glacier Studio)

[p. 267-B]

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Wolf Child, Guy Wolf Child's father. He was also known as John Epps, for his fondness for turnips, which he acquired while working for nearby settlers and farmers. [262] [553]

WOLF CHILD

The following anecdote is remembered by old Wolf Child's son, Guy Wolf Child: 714 [115]

My father went on many raids, just like other men in his time. Because of a dream he always painted himself yellow all over, from head to toe. That is the color of Sun. When he went to war he always tied a bunch of feathers to the topknot in his hair. He got the feathers from different people. They would pray for him and paint his face for success on his warpaths. They would give [787] [302] [301] [789] [726] [431]

[p. 273-A]

to sing his Power song which he told them would bring him back to life. Others from the camp persuaded the women to stop, for fear that Mad Calf Shirt would return even madder in the form of a grizzly bear, which was said to have been his Power. 763 [533]

WHITE WOLF

In his old age, White Wolf looked like a fierce old warrior who had never given up his thoughts about war trails. And until his death early in this century he was, indeed, one of the bravest warriors of the Old Days. Nevertheless, White Wolf is best remembered as a very kind and able holy man. He was Teacher to Natosina, who later became Teacher to Heavy Head, who was then Teacher to our Old Man. 793 [554]

White Wolf was also known by the names White Bull and One Week. The latter name was given to him because he so often said, "Rations in one week." It was the only expression he could say in English, having learned it around the agency. [551] [553]

Three of old White Wolf's war adventures are recorded with picture drawings on a buffalo hide in the collection at the Glenbow Museum. The story of one of the adventures goes like this: 532 212

My partner was Pinukwiim. We went together on most of our trails. On one of these we were led by Sun Calf. There were eight of us. We went to raid the Crows, approaching their camps by going from coulee to coulee, so as not to be seen on the open prairie. Some early-morning hunters from the enemy camp spotted us just as we were going into a coulee to camp for the day. We should not have been out in the open after daybreak, so close to their camp. They went back to the Crow camp and returned with more than a hundred mounted men. Meanwhile, we got busy digging a pit, because there was no place for us to escape to on foot. We used our big knives for 726 793

signaled to his partners that the three were enemies. They fired off a volley, killing one enemy and wounding another. Many Mules caught the wounded one and killed him, while the third man tried to escape. Heavy Shield had a fast horse and chased him. The others were shouting to him, "He hasn't shot his gun yet! Watch out for him!" Heavy Shield had already fired his gun and did not have a chance to reload it. He was armed only with his knife and his favorite elk-horn whip.

Heavy Shield caught up with the Cree and rode alongside of him. The Cree leveled his rifle across his saddle and fired. The bullet tore the feathers off Heavy Shield's Medicine Bird, which was hanging from a thong at his side. Many Mules caught up to the two and jerked the gun from the Cree's hand. The Cree then took a hatchet attached to the horn of his saddle, which was a real saddle, and tried to hit Heavy Shield with it. By this time Running Sun had also caught up to them and knocked the hatchet from the enemy's hand and captured it. Heavy Shield and the Cree were still riding along, trying to knock each other off their horses. Heavy Shield stuffed the end of his whip into his enemy's mouth while the latter grabbed one of Heavy Shield's braids. At this point their horses separated and both men fell to the ground. Before the Cree could get up to resume the fight, Gambler came along and ran over him with his horse and someone else counted coup on him.

TOUGH BREAD, A DOCTOR WHO USED ACUPUNCTURE

A well-remembered doctor who lived well into this century was a man named Pastahmp—"Flint." Somehow his name was misinterpreted and recorded as Tough Bread, by which he became commonly known. His daughter is Porcupine Woman, who is the wife of Bob Black Plume, or Skunk.

He used thorns from rose bushes to draw the sickness out of bodies. He put those thorns all

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE Z 79-A]
[p. 279-B]

over the place where the sickness was in a person. 755
Sometimes he left them there for a long time;
other times he burned them with the end of a
glowing stick, right down to the skin. He once 756
cured a half-dead (paralyzed) Chinese man in
this fashion. After Tough Bread's death, nobody
knew how to carry on his unique curing methods.
He had offered to teach Mokakin and to give him
all his doctoring things, but Mokakin was scared
because he hadn't yet had any dreams that gave
him the Power to doctor. Tough Bread was also a [793]
leader of Medicine ceremonies.

STRIPED WOLF MEETS A FORMER ENEMY

As a young man, Striped Wolf took part in a few 721
of the last horse raids against enemy tribes. It is
said that his name came from a wolf that was [553]
seen on a hillside "striped" with many buffalo
trails. His brother was Dog Child.

Striped Wolf went on a raid toward Looks-like-a-Belly. On the way, he met a Gros Ventre coming toward the Blood camps for the same purpose. Both were at the head of their parties, and when they saw each other, they fired simultaneously. Both men went down, each thinking he had shot the other. Actually, they both took off and hid.

Later, Striped Wolf told the others about the man he shot and they all went to find the body. They looked all over but couldn't find it. The Gros Ventre did the same thing, but his party could find no trace either.

Many years later, there was a dance they 721
both attended. Both Striped Wolf and the Gros 608
Ventre still remembered the time and place they
shot at each other. Somehow they found out
about each other at that dance. They took each
other for brothers and talked about what hap-
pened. It turned out that one of them had been
shot through the legging flap and the other

[p. 279-A]

through the edge of his shirt; neither had gotten hurt. 721 608

Now this is strange: one's name was Striped Wolf and the other's Striped Bird—just about the same name. They exchanged names. They shook hands and kissed, and became like brothers. All the Gros Ventre's relatives gave Striped Wolf a lot of presents—money, blankets, and other things. They remained good friends until they died. [553] [431]

THE HANGING OF CHARCOAL

Charcoal's days ended in 1897 at the age of thirty-nine, on the gallows at Fort MacLeod. Before his death, Tsako, as our People nicknamed him, became the most wanted man on Canada's western frontier. 682 [551]

Wilson wrote of Charcoal as a participant in a Nighttime Ceremony and recorded that he had owned a number of Medicines for which he sang songs: painted lodge and flag; painted lodge; Sioux sword for the Grass Dance; Horns Society; Mountain-Trim Tipi; Soldier's Society Pipe; Weasel-tail buckskin suits; Dogs Society; and bear knife. This last sacred article was a huge dagger with a handle made from a bear's jawbone. It was sought after and owned only by Powerful warriors. During the transfer ceremony for this knife, the new Owner was forced to strip and roll on a bed of thorns. At the end of the transfer the former Owner would hurl the sacred knife at the new Owner, who could have it if he survived and caught it. 778 425 [411] [237] [796] [785]

Charcoal had two wives. One was faithful to him, but the other, Pretty Wolverine Woman, was fickle and wild. Although she had been married to Charcoal for about five years, everyone in camp knew that she and a young man named Medicine Pipe Stem were lovers. They had been seen together while she went out after water. Charcoal's relative, Eagle Bear, had talked to her several times and warned her that her husband could punish her for her actions. Charcoal was known 682 837 [595] [411]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 28D-B]
[P. 279-B]

in to the police by his own People. The following March, 1897, Charcoal was hanged for the murder of Sergeant Wilde. He was not convicted of the murder of Medicine Pipe Stem, because there was not enough evidence to prove his guilt.

HOW SPIDER GOT HIS NAME

The finest dancer in the memory of most of our People was a man named Spider, who died a few years back. He was not known for having much interest in our sacred ceremonies, or for having fancy clothes like eagle headdresses and buckskin suits. Yet he was always perfectly groomed, kept his face and hair painted, wore pleasing clothing, and carried an oblong mirror in one hand while he danced (a custom among many Grass Dancers).

Spider's favorite dance shirt was made from green wool cloth. It had strips of beadwork on the arms and over the shoulders, like a buckskin shirt but more subtle. This shirt was originally given to our uncle, Atsitsina, by a Sioux man. Atsitsina gave the shirt to his brother, Jack Low Horn, who later gave it to his relative, Spider. Spider was buried in that shirt. He usually used yellow paint to cover his face and bangs, which he wore straight-up, over his forehead, in the style of the Crows. Mrs. Walters wrote that she saw Spider dance during the social dance at a Sun Dance Encampment, and that he wore a "buckskin outfit colored green, with wide bands of lavender and green beadwork and matching moccasins. . . . In one hand he held an oblong mirror about fifteen inches long, with a hand loop that also had green and lavender colors on it. With his mirror held stiffly downward and his other hand on his hip, he drifted around that circle like a bit of down. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground. Even the Indians burst into applause." At that time, in the early 1930s, he was sixty-five years old. His other name was Long Hair; he never cut his hair.

[4.282-B]

Spider was given his name by an old man named Yellow-Painted Lodge, who had the Medicine Power of the Spider. Here is the way he used that Power. 553

Yellow-Painted Lodge and others in his camp went on a hunt for buffalo. While they were gone, their camp was raided by a Cree war party, which captured most of the women. When the men returned they were quite upset about their loss, but knew that the Crees outnumbered them greatly so did not try to follow. Yellow-Painted Lodge heard that his wife had been captured alive, so he made plans to go and get her back. 727

Yellow-Painted Lodge took with him a number of horses and other goods to give to the Cree in exchange for his wife. Before long he was at the Cree camp and he learned which lodge his wife was in. Yellow-Painted Lodge kissed his wife when he saw her. She told him that she feared for their lives, because her captor had a Medicine that was very Powerful.

The Cree were gone hunting. When they returned, her captor asked, "Who is our visitor?" The woman said, "It is your brother." The Cree had seen the horses outside, so he knew the purpose of Yellow-Painted Lodge's visit. He was not willing to give the woman up so easily, however. He said, "I will show you the Power of my Medicine. If you are stronger, then I will take the horses from you and you may have your wife back." 727 789

The Cree took from a small pouch the red-painted wooden figure of a man. The Cree began to sing and drum and soon the figure got up and started toward Yellow-Painted Lodge. His wife called to him, "Don't let that thing touch you or you will be dead!" Yellow-Painted Lodge untied a small buckskin bag from his back braid. He took out of the bag a piece of rawhide cut into the shape of a spider. He picked up a patch of grass and placed the spider on it, while he sang his own Power song. He covered up the spider with his hand for a moment and blew down between his [533]

told him to take back his wife and keep his horses. He offered to give him any other goods that he wished to have. Yellow Painted Lodge sang another song and the spider dropped his burden and hurried back to the bunch of grass. He covered up the spider and blew on it, and again it looked like a spider-shaped piece of rawhide. He put it back in its buckskin cover and tied it on to his braid. The little figure of the man lay crumpled up where the spider had dropped it. 727 789 [533]

Yellow-Painted Lodge then told the Cree, "I didn't come here for anything else but my wife. If you will just give me a meal, we will be on our way home. I want you to have the horses I brought and you will be my brother. You can come to our camp and be my guest anytime." The Cree was happy to hear that, and he knew that no further trouble would come once Yellow-Painted Lodge had accepted food in his tipi. 727

At this time old Little Bear (SikskiAki's great-grandfather) had a very sickly baby. While Yellow-Painted Lodge was visiting, he was given the baby to hold, and Little Bear asked the old man to pray for the strength of the child. Yellow-Painted Lodge asked, "Do you want this baby to become a man?" Little Bear told him he did. Then he told Little Bear to make incense. He said, "I will sing my Power song. If my Power comes alive then I will give its name to this baby and it will grow up to be a strong man. He brought out his rawhide spider and placed it on a bunch of grass and began to sing. After he breathed on his hand, the spider began to move around, then ran across the floor to Little Bear and his wife. They saw it. Then it went back to Yellow-Painted Lodge, who put it away. He said, "Since my Power has come alive for your child, I will give him the name Spider." 755 553 [533] [551]

CROW-SPREADS-HIS-WINGS

At the time of his death, during the winter of 1953, Crow-Spreads-His-Wings was about ninety years old and the last man among the Bloods to 793 756 [595]

[p. 284-A]

to jail if he was heard doctoring again. Apparently the threat had no effect to speak of, and the agent never came back to carry it out. 756 177 657

SHOT-ON-BOTH-SIDES

It is difficult for a head chief to satisfy all the People in his tribe, but old Shot-on-Both-Sides must have done so. The Old People of today have only good memories of him. He was born in 1874 and succeeded his father, Crop-Eared Wolf, as head chief in 1913, a position he held until his death in 1958. His son, Jim, succeeded him. 622

Some of our Old People refer to Shot-on-Both-Sides by his father's name, Crop-Eared Wolf, which he once used, and by his old-age 622 551 553

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 286-B]

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Long-Time-Pipe-Woman, wife of Head Chief Shot-on-Both-Sides.

name, NatosApi, or "Sun Old Man." For most of his life he was married to Long-Time-Pipe-Woman, who died in 1955 at the age of eighty-seven. For many years she was Pole-Owner and leader of the Motokiks. 622 551 553 [575]

Shot-on-Both-Sides was very faithful to the Old Ways. He always wore his hair in braids and wore shells as earrings. For more than thirty years he and his wife took care of the Long-Time Pipe. A member of the Horns Society nine times, he also belonged to lesser societies, including the Pigeons, Mosquitoes, Braves, Crazy Dogs, Crow Carriers, and Black Seizers. He owned a number of painted lodges at different times, as well as the famous One-Horn Headdress. He cut the hide for the Medicine Lodge and owned both the big drum and a sword from the early Grass Dancers, or Parted-Hair Society. 622 178 [302] [301] [575]

In their old age, Shot-on-Both-Sides and Long-Time-Pipe-Woman lived in a one-room frame house on the west side of the reserve. Their house was furnished very simply--a wood stove, a table, and a few chairs. They spent most of their time on the floor, in the Old Way, where they kept beds for sleeping and for entertaining most of their visitors. [342] [352] [354]

Old Shot-on-Both-sides will be best remembered for his encouragement in keeping alive the Old Ways and for his defence of his People's rights, including his refusal of many offers to give up parts of the reserve. [425]

CALF ROBE AND YOUNG PINE STEAL A PINTO

Calf Robe and Young Pine were partners. One time they went down to the Crows to steal horses. They each took a fast horse from in front of its Crow-owner's lodge, and then headed back home. After they had gone quite a way, one of the horses went lame and had to be abandoned. The remaining horse was a really fine-looking pinto. They took turns riding him. 721

Some time went by and a single Crow raider came to the Blood camps to steal horses. He went into the camp on a moonlit night and saw the

ferent cans of grub and really had a banquet. All we had been eating was dried meat. After we ate, we decided that it would be a good time to sing some songs and pray for success on the rest of the trip. This was a customary thing to do when nearing enemy camps on a war raid. 726 [262]

Each of us prayed and sang our special good-luck song. Young Pine started out by singing: "If we are married or single, a woman always waits for us when we go on a war party, and she makes us think about her while we are gone. She gives us a good-luck charm to carry and a song to sing." 726 533 [782] [777]

My own song had these words in it: "Last Gun, if I never see you again, I will do nothing but cry all day long."

Because we were far from our home, we all decided to add to our good luck by taking on new names that belonged to some relative of ours. I took my uncle's second name, Everyone Talks About. Young Pine took the name Fine Young Man. Calf Robe took his brother's name, One Spot. Crazy Crow took the name Looks-like-a-Coyote. Prairie Chicken Old Man took the name Many Mules. 727 553 [551]

We stayed in our victory camp all that night and decided to travel in the daytime. We saw a lone antelope some way ahead of us. I took a long shot at the animal and knocked it down. It tried to run but was wounded in one leg. Calf Robe chased it and killed it with a knife. We took the antelope up on a hill to eat and dry some of the meat. We had lots of tobacco from our recent raid, but we had no pipe to smoke it in. Young Pine was the only one who brought a pipe along, but he had left it at an earlier camp. We cut up one of the leg bones from the antelope and made a good stem out of it; then we made a bowl by shaping some clay and baking it in our fire. [224] [411] [276] [321] [323] [237]

The first horse we stole on this trip was a sorrel that belonged to some traders at a place called Wide-Leafed Bush, in the Missouri River Valley. Years before, these same traders killed one of my stepfather's earlier wives. She would have [602]

to try and get their sacred Bundles back. A Medicine Pipe Owner we used to think was very holy. He dressed holy and acted holy. Nowadays they don't behave like the ones from the past. The People don't find them very holy any more. . . . But maybe things will get better again. If we start to live a holy life again, maybe there won't be so many deaths. In the past there were not many sudden deaths; the People lived in a holy way then. . . . In the Old Days the Old People often followed both religions. They liked to go wherever there was praying. Now not only the Indian religion is being forgotten, the white religion is falling the same way.

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[177]

ALBERT CHIEF CALF

Two of our Old People who still attend every ceremony are Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chief Calf. The old man was born in a tipi in 1895. He is known by his father's name, NinnaOnesta, or "Chief Calf"; his other name is Wrapped Up. His wife's name is Little Nice Face. The two make a distinctive couple on their daily walk through town—he is over six feet tall and sturdy-looking; his wife is quite short and plump. He usually wears an old black cowboy hat with an eagle plume attached; she always covers herself with a woolen shawl.

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Although NinnaOnesta has attended ceremonies of our Old Ways all his life, he has been leading them for only the past few years. Last winter he alone led more Nighttime ceremonies than all the other leaders. He is always available for praying and is very easy to please and willing to please. He wears sunglasses because of his poor eyesight, which allows him to overlook details and distractions that would bother other leaders.

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NinnaOnesta went on a number of raids during his young days, but like most of our Old People, he has said, "I can just talk about my raids when I am confessing them during holy ceremonies. I can't talk about them just any-

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dark suit and white shirt, with a clean cowboy hat or a slouch cap over his pure white hair. 793 [291]

Apikayi was the son of old Black Plume and one of his wives, Black Horn, who had a number of white relatives. His full brothers include Dick Soup. His father's grandmother was a noted doctor. She used to apply a special skunk skin to the afflicted area of a patient's body. If the skin came alive, the person would survive and she would begin to doctor. If it did not come alive, she would know there was no hope. When Apikayi was young he was a very sickly child, so his great-grandmother used her sacred skin to check him. It came alive, so she told his parents that he would grow to become an adult. Later she gave him the skin, as well as the name.[A] He used to tie it to his braids, when he still had them. [144] 793 755 [237] [763] [551] [553] [301]

Apikayi was once a leader of our sacred ceremonies, but not this past winter, due to conflicts with some of our Old People. He has often been criticized for mixing up the songs of various ceremonies, and for leading ceremonies that were not actually transferred to him. He and several relatives sold their sacred Bundles, which made him unpopular. His active participation in various other religions added to his unpopularity. Here is what he says about all that: 793 558 156 [425]

I haven't quit going to our ceremonies for good, even though the People are saying that I have given up the Old Ways. That isn't true. I once had a dream that told me I would grow old by them. I was praying very hard and I left my body. I went far into the Above. There was a yellow-painted tipi there and I was invited in. The people in the tipi told me that I would live to be a hundred by keeping up my Old Ways and by leading all the ceremonies that I am asked to lead. I am looking forward to seeing if my dream will come true. I am still very healthy at my old age. 793 558 156 829 [787]

The reason why I have quit going to ceremonies lately is because some of the People don't

A. [i.e., the name Apikayi or "skunk"--Analyst]

house; the white people were standing all around them watching. 535 [541]

I always look forward to going to any kind of dance, even though I can only hear the drums and bells. I remember just what it looked like in the Old Days, and I always get up and pretend that I am dancing like when I was young again. My grandchildren sing Indian songs and drum and I get up and dance every night. [177]

DAN WEASEL MOCCASIN

Dan Weasel Moccasin has worn his hair in two braids all his life and is often called "Braids," although his actual name is Yellow Horse Rider. He parts his hair down the middle, instead of to one side as was our usual custom. It is not proper to ask someone questions about personal habits, but it is known that Yellow Horse Rider keeps his hair long for holy reasons. 302 [551] [563] [576]

His father, old Weasel Moccasin, was a member of the Knife Owners band and the Horns Society. His mother was a member of the All Short People band. Yellow Horse Rider was their minipoka, and the usual favorite children's sacred articles were transferred to him. 958 [425] [778]

When he was seven, old Heavy Shield gave him a Medicine Lodge necklace. A Piegan holy woman named Handsome Gun Woman gave him another necklace during a Sun Dance ceremony. While he was young he also had the topknots from both the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe and the Cree Medicine Pipe. Later he was given the rights to the sacred Lynx Tail Headpiece from Calling Last's Beaver Bundle. He never transferred it to anyone else, although Calling Last left it in his Bundle when he sold it to the museum. 958 957 778 425

Around 1943, Yellow Horse Rider took the Children's Medicine Pipe with his daughter, Eleanor. His father gave up his fine buckskin outfit and seven good horses for it. They kept the Pipe for five years before giving it up to John Red Crane. 778 425 852 [435]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Epilogue

Time has passed since the Sun Dance Encampment of 1972, when I sat and wrote down the stories that make up this book. The Sun Dance Encampment for 1976 will soon be set up on the Belly Buttes.

The Old Man is gone now. Last spring, when he opened our Medicine Pipe Bundle, he said: "This will be the last time that I open a Medicine Pipe. . . . Next year someone else will have to do it for you." During last summer's encampment he came only for a brief visit. He sat with us, among the crowd of spectators, as the Horns Society gave their public dance. The leader of the society brought his swan-skin-covered staff and asked the Old Man to call out the four required coups and to give his blessings. For the last time the Old Man held the Powerful staff that once was his. It was his last ceremonial appearance.

The summer before that, the Old Man had given a special name to our new son. "Heard Again," the Old Man called him. During the naming he said: "When the Spirit came to give me Power I didn't hear him right the first time, but I heard him very well when he came again." To celebrate his being born during the Sun Dance Encampment, we gave our boy the official first name of Okan.

Last fall, while the Old Man was making his final efforts to remain on this Earth, another son was born to us. To honor the Old Man's spiritual ties with sacred stones, Iniskims, we gave this boy

[p. 361-A]

the official first name of Iniskim. Sometime later our old uncle said: "This boy has a legal name, but he has not yet been given a name in the Old Way. Myself, I am no longer using my young-man-name. Since you two are carrying the names of my father and mother, I give this little boy my own name. He will grow old like me, known as Atsitsina." 793 553

Each of our children will be able to call on the Old Man's Spirits with Iniskims—his were passed on to us, still sitting up in his old altar, where he put them. The rest of his holy things were placed in the grave with him. An old metal suitcase held his doctoring articles. A cloth bag contained his old, rawhide-covered drum. On top of the suitcase lay his two painted and carved canes. Thus his body went on its final journey. 793 [768] [764]

The Old Man's passing caused someone to look up his official birthdate on the records. It turned out that he was older than he had thought —his birth was recorded for the year 1877. He was the oldest man among all the Blackfoot People when he died. The next oldest was Guy Wolf Child, who passed away not long after. 793 165

A few months before the Old Man's passing, we had lost another one of our ceremonial leaders —old John Many Chiefs, or White Horns. His death came about the same time as that of Mrs. Mountain Horse, the lady who prepared medicinal herbs. Shortly after that came the death of White Horns' eldest son—Ray Many Chiefs, who 165

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 362-B]

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

CHAPTER FOUR

Hunts in the Rockies with George Bird Grinnell (1884)[1]

114 IF LIFE AT FORT CONRAD in 1884 was very tame for us men, it was not so for our women. They were more than happy in the quietness and security of it all. For them no more wanderings over enemy-infested plains, no more nights of fear and trembling, listening to the carousing of our drink-crazed customers. In March my wife *Mutsi-Awotan-Ahki* (Fine Shield Woman) gave birth to our son, our only child. I was more than put out when, returning from a trip to Fort Benton, I learned that Father Prando, S. J., had appeared and named him Thomas. Said my wife: "It matters not what a Black [553] Robe does. My uncle, Red Eagle, sacred medicine man, has named our little one from a powerful vision that Sun once gave him: he is Lone Wolf."

000 Well, that was a good Pikuni name. But I, as I had intended all along, named him Hart Merriam for C. Hart Merriam, noted naturalist and anthropologist, and a good friend of my boyhood days.

Taking after his mother, artistic embroiderer with beads and colored porcupine quills, our youngster at an early age began confiscating my pencils and paper and making drawings of life as he saw it; striving to make better clay images of animals than the Indian children with whom he played. In due time he became a student in the Los Angeles Art School, then in the Chicago Art Institute, and later he was the only student that Thomas Moran, of Grand Canyon fame, ever liked and helped with his wizardry of form

[1] Published in *The Great Falls Tribune* (January 10, 1937).

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

call a meeting of the prominent men of the Pikunis: Little Dog, Little Plume, Saiyi, Running Crane, and others. They gathered in Little Plume's lodge, and when we entered, I said to them: "I bring to you a true friend of yours. His home is many days' travel to the east; at the edge of the Everywhere Water. When you began to starve, to die, that dreadful winter back, I wrote him about it. What did he do when he had read my letter? He dropped his work, got onto a fire-wagon, went south to Our Grandfather's many-houses town. He went straight to Our Grandfather and told him of your need; told him that you Pikunis would all die unless food, plenty of food, could soon be given you. Said Our Grandfather to him: "How can it be that my Pikuni children are starving, dying, and I not know about it?"

"Answered my friend here: 'Grandfather, it is that your little chief that you have with them, he named Young Person, would not let you know about it because he had many times written you many lies; written you that the Pikunis were following the white man's road, that they had cattle and pigs, grew potatoes and other plants to eat.'

"Said Our Grandfather: 'Too bad. Too bad. Well, they shall not starve any longer than I can get food to them.' And at once he sent for his chief of soldiers, sent for other men, told them what to do. So was it that the soldiers at Point-of-Rocks River (Sun River) brought you food; that Spotted Cap (Charles Conrad) sent you many cattle. So now, my friends, you know that he here beside me and newly come is your real friend and helper."

"Yes! Yes! He is our friend." "Our powerful friend." "He saved us, he is a chief," all cried when I had finished, and one by one came forward and shook hands with Grinnell and earnestly gave him welcome. Then, briefly, he said that he was glad to be there with them, that he hoped to come to them again and again in future summers, that he had other Indian friends, particularly the Pawnees (Wolf People) with whom he had often camped and hunted buffalo.

"*Ha!* The Wolf People! Ever our enemies. You must tell us about them," said Little Plume.

[553] Said Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill: "Later on for that. It

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

is that we now have to name our new friend, make him one of us, a real Pikuni man as, at heart, I know he is." 648 553

"Yes, and it must be a powerful name that we give him, a name that will help him to survive all dangers, and attain old age," Saiyi put in. At once the circle gave earnest thought to it. Name after name was proposed and for one reason and another rejected, until, at last, Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill mentioned one that all approved. Whereat he said to Grinnell: "True friend come to us from far, several winters back one of our number died in very old age. He was very wise and of kindly heart, ever helpful to the sick, to helpless widows and fatherless children. Brave he was, a great warrior, victor in many battles with our enemies. He had a very powerful name, a name from a very sacred animal that Sun loves. Without doubt a powerful, sacred name. Helpful friend, come to us from far, we give you that name. You are 'Fisher Hat,' *(Pinutoyi Istsimokan)*."

Exclaimed the others: "We welcome you, Fisher Hat." "We are glad to have you with us this day." Their eyes shining, voices deep and trembly, there could be no doubt of their sincerity. It was really affecting. Grinnell was evidence of it when, haltingly, he told them that he appreciated their good will; that he would ever strive to be worthy of his new name. Then, at length, at their request, he gave them a vivid description of the Pawnees—their country, homes, and occupations, their beliefs and sacred medicines. It was late when we sought our couches.

On the following morning, with my team and wagon, and accompanied by Yellow Fish (Charles Rose) son of a onetime employee of the American Fur Company and a Pikuni woman, we set out for Lakes Inside and that evening camped at the foot of the lower one of them. On the next morning we took to the Indian and game trail running up that east side of the lake and, by much cutting of trees in the aspen groves which it threaded, got our team and wagon out upon the prairie between the two lakes late in the afternoon; then, fording the river, we made camp in the edge of a grove several hundred yards below the foot of the upper lake. We had obtained a good view of it and of the towering mountains rising from its shores, 133

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

chose to rename it Stark Peak. Stark? We have never heard of the man.

Came evening, and as we sat before our campfire we heard a horse approaching—a shod horse, as was evidenced by the clinking of its shoes upon the rocky trail—and then came riding to us one whom I well knew: big-hearted, genial Lieutenant Beacom of the Third Infantry at Fort Shaw. Not only a tried warrior was he, but somewhat of a writer and anthropologist as well. Making no mention of my surprise to see him there, I quickly introduced him to Grinnell and Monroe, and, dismounting, he joined us before the fire and volunteered that with a few men of his company he had come from the fort to hunt and fish and was camped close below us, on the river. We had a pleasant evening with him, and he was greatly interested in our discovery of the glacier.

On the following morning, Lieutenant Beacom accompanying us, we set out to explore the headwaters of a creek running south into Swift Current River and joining it a little way below the lake. We found that it headed in two small, troutless lakes on the southwest side of a very high mountain at the head of the ridge dividing Swift Current River and Kennedy Creek. The latter, by the way, had been named by some of our old-timers for John Kennedy, who in 1878 had wintered near the mouth of the creek and traded there with the Kutenai Indians. We saw a number of bighorns and goats on the mountain but did not disturb them. Lieutenant Beacom named the mountain and the creek that we had followed for me, giving them my Pikuni name, *Apikuni* (Far-Off White Robe). The map makers of the Geological Survey misspelled it: they have it "Appekunny." The Pikuni chief, Running Crane, gave it to me. It was the name given him by a Sun priest—so-called medicine man—soon after he was born. Like other young warriors, after he had made a successful raid, killed an enemy, or taken enemy horses, he was given a new name. Some very successful warriors of the Blackfoot tribes had a succession of names during their lifetime.

Upon returning to camp that afternoon, we found that we were practically foodless; during our absence bears had made off with

The Baker Massacre

I was born seventy-nine winters ago on Yellow (Judith) River. 000
My father, Bear Head, was a tall, handsome man and a great warrior. My mother, Fair Singing Woman, was beautiful. Though quite young, she had even then become a sacred woman, one of the women who, every summer, build a great lodge to give to Sun. Dearly my father and mother loved me, and I loved them. As soon as I could walk, my mother furnished me with soft, beaded, deer leather clothes for summer, furs for winter. And my father gave me little bows and 868
arrows and taught me to ride gentle horses; gave me six horses when 524
I was in my sixth winter. Four of them were mares, so I was soon having quite a band of horses of my own. I loved to play with the [776]
boys, and I loved to sit before the evening lodge fires listening to the warriors and hunters telling of their brave deeds—the old men telling of the power and goodness of Sun and all the other gods.

Came my eighth summer, and my father, getting ready to go with 701
a party against some of our enemies, said that I must go, too. My 702
mother objected; cried; said that I was too young to go to war, that it would be too dangerous for her little one. Said my father to her: "Last night, as I slept, Sun gave me a vision. We were a war party. [787]
Our young one was traveling at my side. We discovered enemies, fought, and killed them. The meaning of that is plain. It is that your young First Rider goes with me, with our party, and that he will survive the dangers that we encounter. And well you know that I was of his age when I first took to the war trail. So must he now go. I shall make of him a real warrior."

First Rider—that was the name given me when I was born; given [551]
me by an old medicine man because of one of his visions, in which he [553]
saw a member of a war party be first to take an enemy horse and [787]
ride it off.

Well, my mother knew that my father would have his way about me, so she made no more objection to my going but got together the things that I would need, extra pairs of moccasins, a rope, awl, and sinew thread; and crying, she said to me: "You have to go. I shall [782]
pray, constantly pray the Above Ones to give you safe return to me."

I was eager to go. I wanted to become a great warrior, kill many enemies, take many enemy horses, and so be honored, made a chief by

52: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910) 1911 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

A few days later they started on a new trip. Bear-chief was the leader. There were four Peigans, and seventy Crows. The Sioux were looking out for enemies, and saw the party coming. Then they made a charge on Bear-chief and his people. The Crows did their very best to escape. Bear-chief and the three other Peigans stayed behind and fought the Sioux. This was about noon, when the Sioux made a charge on them, and it was late in the evening, before they stopped fighting. They started home that evening, and travelled all night. Early in the morning Bear-chief killed a buffalo-cow. They skinned it, and commenced their breakfast. Whilst they were eating, they saw on a high bank, just above them, a rider. He spoke to Bear-chief's people, and before they could answer him, two more jumped up at his side, and shot at Bear-chief's companions. But then, seeing that there were so many, they ran away. They were Sioux. The Crows went after those Sioux. Bear-chief and the three others went in the opposite direction, where they saw one rider, a Sioux. This rider fled into the brushes. The others did not want to help him, but Bear-chief alone followed him, and shot at him, every time he saw him through the brush, till the Sioux went out into the prairie, where he was hard to get at. Bear-chief rode up to him, and the Sioux would shoot him, but Bear-chief's horse kicked the gun out of the Sioux' hands, and ran over him. The Sioux got up, and took his gun. He shot at Bear-chief twice, and the third time the gun refused to work. Then Bear-chief attacked him with a butcher-knife, cut him over his face, and near his heart, and cut off his head before he died. Then all the Crows, the whole seventy, came up. In the meantime Bear-chief's three companions, that stood upon a hill, had taken eight horses from the Sioux, who was fighting Bear-chief. They travelled night and day to get home. 115 726 [648]

The Crows were very glad, that a Sioux had been killed, though they did not kill him themselves. Then the Peigans held a counsel, and invited Bear-chief among them. The chiefs told Bear-chief that he had done many daring deeds, and that he was already a chief on account of those, but that they now would give him a new name, instead of Takes-the-first-gun (Itóminàmaχka), the name he had borne till that moment. It was decided upon, that he should be called Bear-chief (Ninoχkyàio), after old Big-nose. And then they had scalp-dances every night, for a week or more. 115 727 [555] [553] [551] [595]

A few days after that there were five in a party. Bear-chief was the leader. They went to the Sioux. They saw the camp at a long distance. He told his party to stay behind, whilst he himself would 115 726

never know. Ordinarily, I should have passed such an encounter without undue personal involvement, but fatigue, uncertainty with regard to the whereabouts of Jim and the Chief, and the distressing emotional iotacism which at times plagues even the best of us, conspired to evoke within my personal self an almost articulate resentment that my unannounced return to the Reservation had not been rewarded with a panorama somewhat more inspiring.

By the time I had turned off the ignition and gotten out of the station wagon, I found myself being converged upon by two Indian men, each from his separate abode—and neither, I soon learned, destined to elevate my currently subterranean morale. One man was quite young and effusively, almost obsequiously, eager to please, and from him I learned that the Chief is very much alive indeed and that he and Jim are over in Canada, at Gleichen, attending a Blackfoot Sun Dance (Medicine Lodge). Damn, but I wish I were with them! The Sun Dance is the very focus of Blackfoot religious ritual, and it is becoming an increasingly rare episode in Indian life. Only the very old Indians know how properly to sponsor and conduct the ceremony, and since the Holy Woman (an Indian lady, always above any moral reproach, who makes the formal vow to the Sun) and all the other principals must undergo a fast of four days, those persons who are both qualified and physically able to participate in the Sun Dance are very few indeed.

There has not been a Blackfoot Sun Dance here in the States for several years, and I doubt seriously that there will ever again be one. The so-called Sun Dances held by Plains Tribes other than the Blackfoots are ersatz gestures at best and are significantly performed during the height of the tourist season. These ceremonies are in the same category as the "adoption" ceremonies—innumerable Whites believe that they have been "adopted" by one Indian tribe or another—which are not adoption ceremonies at all but merely name-giving ceremonies (one of which, thanks to the publicity-conscious Great Northern Railway, can be purchased from even the Blackfoots for fifty bucks). A true Blackfoot adoption ceremony involves a ritual of four days duration, and it is a very serious and a rather strenuous procedure for all parties involved. One does not properly become adopted into the Blackfoot *tribe;* one becomes an adopted member of a Blackfoot *family,* with all the privileges and responsibilities attaining to true family membership. Very, very few persons of White blood have ever been awarded this honor.

The Blackfoots were the last of the Western tribes to have intercourse with the White Man, and they never had any more to do with

cially easy to accept. A crucifix constituted a nifty recruit to the warrior's collection of protective amulets and charms, and when a priest endowed the converted Blackfoot with the name of a Catholic saint, this was to the Indian very much like his own custom of taking a new name (very often the name of a former chief or hero of his tribe) upon the occasion of achieving a significant coup against the enemy. To this day, a substantial number of Blackfoots have as a given name the name of a saint. Offhand I can think of Evangeline Big Beaver, Theresa Bull Child, Dennis Bad-Old-Man, Michael Scabby Robe, Bernard Red Head, Ursula Running Crane, Theola Cut Finger, Bernadette Red Head, Clement Big Springs, Serena Little Dog, Paul Calf Looking, Calvin Kicking Woman, Jason Dusty Bull, Rufus Good Striker, Terrence Little Bull, Angeline Old Person, Maurice Red Horn, Frederick Takes Gun, Francis Bull Shoe, Agnes Comes-At-Night, Woodrow Calf Robe, Anthony Mountain Chief, Tyrone White Grass, Hiram Daniel Calf Looking, Aaron Skunk Cap . . . There are many others.

The names Joseph and Mary are especially popular here on the Reservation, and the Chief once mentioned that he used to have an aunt named John—which is not at all funny if you know anything about the Blackfoots and their language. Blackfoot names have no sexual connotation, and a female is distinguished from a male by having the suffix *áki* (woman) added to her name. Incidentally, although popular fiction would have us believe that all Indian maidens are called "Shining Water" or "Morning Star," the truth is that Blackfoot girls, who were (and usually still are) named by a male relative or by some prominent male member of the tribe, were *not* named in imitation of some aesthetic object or experience. They were named in honor of a particularly notable war achievement by the name-giver, and instead of being named "Sweet Prairie Flower," a girl was more apt to go through life as "Kills Instead," "Found A Gun," or "Two Cutter" (the actual Indian names of some very fine Blackfoot ladies of my acquaintance).

Whatever the reason for the success or failure of the early Catholic missionaries, the strength of the Roman Church on the Reservation today (take it from a Protestant who knows) is in the presence here of such men as Father Mallman, the marvelous old Jesuit priest who has been ministering to the Catholic faithful down at Heart Butte for God-knows-how-many years. Father Mallman loves and understands the Blackfoots, and the Blackfoots love and respect the Father in turn. The Catholic congregation at Heart Butte is large and faithful in attendance, and if some members celebrate Mass

539 721 Runner's party crept close to the camp in an attempt to identify the people by their language, but they could hear nothing, so at dawn they attacked the camp.

One of the Piegans camped with Big Plume's party was named Onistáiyey [Calf Robe]. Calf Robe and Machkúyee-machsin [West Wolf] and my father were all the same age, and they were all good friends. But during the attack, while Calf Robe was jumping over a log to take cover, West Wolf, his own partner, shot him through the ribs. West Wolf shouted, [553] "My name is Woman's Moccasin" [it was common practice for a Plains Indian to take a new name on the occasion of scoring a coup against the enemy], but when the mistake had been discovered, West Wolf denied having fired the shot that wounded his friend.

When the two groups of Piegans recognized one another they stopped fighting, and they all did what they could for the wounded Calf Robe. They could not take him with them on the war party, so they doctored him and prepared a shelter for him and left him there to get better. Before they left, they [415] prepared a quantity of dry meat for him and gave him four or five buffalo paunches filled with water; they also left him several stalks of wild rhubarb, which he used as drinking straws. Finally they cut plenty of firewood for him and also left him a [372] large amount of *inistan* [buffalo chips]. Buffalo chips burn [237] slowly and leave little ash, and he used these to keep his fire going all night so that the wild animals would not enter his shelter. They also left him a dry stick with a crook in the end, and this he used in pulling the firewood inside the tent. [The word for the dry stick with a crook in it is *ahpahtohkahnikseh*, and Jim and I both had to wrestle with the translation.]

539 After a few days, when Calf Robe felt well enough to sit up, he heard a sound outside his shelter, and pulling aside the dark door he saw a coyote sitting there looking at him. So he talked [825] to the coyote as though it were a person. [The Blackfoots believed that a coyote had the power to understand human speech.] He asked the coyote to please help him, so the coyote entered the shelter and licked Calf Robe's wounds and stayed with him and doctored him every day.

Finally, when Calf Robe had recovered sufficiently so that he could get about for short periods by leaning on a cane, he heard something coming toward his shelter. The coyote heard the sound too, and the coyote ran away in fear, so Calf Robe de-

was raining hard now, and I was glad that it was because it made the visibility very poor. 721

We made it back up to the high ridge where the other fellows were, and when the other boys saw Crazy Crow and me coming with all that loot they sang a victory song with our names in it. We immediately moved our camp farther down the ridge, and when we had made a shelter of the canvas, and had all eaten our fill, we had a good-luck ceremony.

Young Pine began the ceremony by singing a song. The words of the song were: 721 533 539

> Married or single, it is a woman that sends us off on a war party and it is she about whom we think until we get back home again. She sends us away with a good-luck charm to wear and a good-luck song to sing.

Then each of us said a prayer and sang the song that our sweetheart had given us.

Wolf Sitting sang:

> Whenever I see you, alone or in a crowd, no matter how great the distance, I never fail to recognize you.

Prairie Chicken Old Man sang:

> As soon as I see you, I recognize you as my sweetheart.

My own song was:

> Last Gun, If I never see you again,
> I will do nothing but cry all day long.

Then, in order to have good luck on this war party, we all took new names. 721 553 777

Crazy Crow took the name, "Looks-Like-A-Coyote."

Calf Robe took the name, "Single Spot." [The name of his brother, a minor chief.]

Prairie Chicken Old Man took the name, "Many Mules."

Young Pine took the name, "Big, Fine Young Man."

Wolf Sitting took the name, "Front Wolf."

I took the name, "Everybody Talks About."

We started out again at dawn, and we had gone only a short 721

blue uniforms, trimmed with lace, and wearing round hats with plumes of feathers. The most distinguished among them was Mehkskehme-Sukahs (the iron shirt), dressed in a scarlet uniform, with blue facings and lace, with a drawn sabre in his hand; riding without stirrups, he managed, with great dexterity, his light bay horse, which was made very restiff by the firing of the musketry. The most respected chief among the Blackfeet, at this time, was the Spotted Elk, who, after a successful battle with the Flatheads, had changed his name, and was now called Ninoch-Kiaiu (chief of the bears).

We approached the landing-place, and at length set foot on shore, amidst a cloud of smoke caused by the firing of the Indians and of the *engagés* of the fort, who were drawn up in a line on the bank. Here we were received by the whole population, with the Indian chiefs at their head, with whom we all shook hands. The Chief of the Bears was quite an original: his countenance, which was not very handsome, with a large crooked nose, was partly hid by his long hair. On his head he had a round felt hat, with a brass rim, and a silver medal on his breast. We were led through a long double line of the red men, the expression of whose countenances and their various dresses greatly amused us. When we arrived at the fort there

765
292
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302

Above: Natsis-Pouchsen (the word of life), a Piegan elder and uncle of Ninoch-Kiaiu, in mourning for his grand-nephew, who was killed by a Blood Indian on August 18. The mourning customs of the Blackfoot were similar to those of the other Plains Indians. The men cut their hair, donned their poorest clothes, and painted their faces white. Women chopped off a finger joint. *Opposite:* Ninoch-Kiaiu (the chief of the bears), a bellicose Piegan chief whom David Mitchell honored with the gift of an expensive uniform at the opening of trade on August 10. Formerly known as Spotted Elk, he had changed his name after leading a successful war party against the Flatheads three months earlier. The Bear Chief and 500 Piegan warriors had fallen upon a band of 45 Flatheads and two French-Canadians in the Rocky Mountains. All 47 were killed and their scalps taken, the Blackfoot losing six dead and a number wounded. Ninoch-Kiaiu's feud with the Bloods led to the murder of his nephew. When he appeared at the fort on August 18 vowing vengeance, he was dressed in mourning, although he had not cut his hair, explaining to Maximilian that the head of Ninoch-Kiaiu "was too great and strong to do this."

765 [304] [353] [184]

A, [See Category 765, p.139--Anslyn]

[p. 138]